# ·EASTER·GLEAMS·

··BY··

·LVCY·LARCOM·

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# EASTER GLEAMS

BY

LUCY LARCOM

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1890

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*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

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"Until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."

# EASTER GLEAMS.

## Ring, Happy Bells!

RING, happy bells of Easter time!
The world is glad to hear your chime;
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near:
We breathe the air of that blest clime,
At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime!
The Lord is risen! We die no more:
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us, while to Him we climb,
At Easter time.

## With Palm Branches.

MY soul hastens forth with hosannas,
To wave for the Victor her palm;
Every hope presses forward to meet Him,
Every thought rises up with a psalm.

The stones of the roadside sing praises;
Praise ripples the brook by the way;
The dumb heart of Nature rejoices;
Even silence is vocal to-day.

He goeth to cruel betrayal, —
The thorns and the spear-thrust to meet:
He refuseth no drop of death's anguish, —
The bitterness Love shall make sweet.

We would taste Thy cup with Thee, O Master!
We would share in Thy life, through Thy death!
For Thy sacrifice makes us immortal,
And we live but in breathing Thy breath.

Ride onward, O King of the lowly,
And trample our pride in Thy path!

Let us follow Thee, asking no honor
Save the blessing humility hath!

Ride on, and release us from evil!
Ride on, and redeem us from sin!
Every gate of our being flies open:
Ride on, to Thy Kingdom within!

## Easter-Even.

CHILL the dews of Easter-even;
Twilight veils the saddened heaven;
Mists of sorrow dim our eyes,
At the grave where Jesus lies.

Deep and still the garden's gloom:—
Hush! He stirs within His tomb!
On the breathless lips, the brow,
Life through death is trembling now.

Heaven to earth is whispering;—hark!
Wings are rustling through the dark:
Angels lay His shroud aside:
Lo! He lives again, who died!

Every leaf on every tree
Feels the unfolding mystery.
Lo! He lives! He lives! The word
All the conscious air has stirred.

Look! The clouds of Easter-even
Flush with gleams from inmost heaven.

Past the night of sacrifice!
Day is breaking in His eyes!

— Give us part, O Friend divine,
In this death, this life of Thine!
Save us from our selfishness!
Make us strong, Thy world to bless!

By Thy resurrection-light
Lead us onward through the night!
In the dawn we dimly see,
Give us joyful work for Thee!

Day Star, in our hearts arisen,
Enter every spirit's prison!
Oh, make every soul a ray
Of Thy new, triumphant day!

## The Day of Joy.

THIS is the gladness of our Easter morning;—
That nothing now in all the world is dead.
The roadside dust is tinted with forewarning
Of heavenly verdure mortal feet shall tread.
New meanings each blue break of sky discloses;
New messages on all the winds are heard;
New fragrance haunts the lilies and the roses,—
His life, His breath,—the Spirit and the Word.

The flowers of spring are no vain decoration
Of Earth's dead bosom; Earth is all alive
In the awakening dawn of new creation,
Whence soul and body perfect strength derive;
The untainted health, the everlasting beauty!
Even frozen hearts the warm contagion feel,
Of spiritual love and holy duty:
The sickliest plant Christ's living touch can heal.

This is the wonder of the Resurrection;—
That things unvalued now reveal their worth;

That every human longing and affection
Feels now the glow of its immortal birth.
Our common toil, the mutual hopes we cherish,
The friendly word, the homely help we give
Each other in His love's name, shall not perish;
No thought that lives in Him shall cease to live.

We who are of the earth need not be earthy;
God made our nature like His own, divine;
Nothing but selfishness can be unworthy
Of His pure image, meant through us to shine.
The death of deaths it is, ourselves to smother
In our own pleasures, His dishonored gift;
And life — eternal life — to love each other;
Our souls with Christ in sacrifice to lift.

This is the beauty of our Easter morning:
In Him humanity may now arise
Out of the grave of self, all baseness scorning:
The holy radiance of His glorious eyes
Illumines everywhere uplifted faces;
Touches the earthly with a heavenly glow;
And in that blessèd light all human graces
Unto divine beatitudes must grow.

Feeding on husks no more, the wanderers gather
Around the hearthstone of the House above:

The Son has brought them home unto the Father;
His Spirit in their hearts is peace and love.
Souls speak in the lost language of communion,
And angels echo back the words they say.
Earth is restored to heaven in deathless union:—
This is the glory of our Easter Day.

## Sunrise.

THE sunrise over the houses!
The beautiful rose of dawn
Reddening the eastern windows, —
The curtains of Night withdrawn!

More lovely than boughs in blossom
The spires and the roof-trees glow.
It is day; and, in God awaking,
Shall the spirit unfold and grow.

On the city, in chrismal splendor,
The blessing of morning falls: —
The Bride coming down out of heaven! —
The pearl-gates, the jasper walls!

The white light enters the casement
Like the wings of the Holy Dove;
And every house is a flower,
A blossom of peace and love.

The sunrise is fair on the gardens,
The groves and the forests afar;

But fairer the trees of manhood,
Of the heavenly planting are.

And wide are the green savannas
That under the dawn unroll;
But broader the landscape opens
In the sunrise of a soul!

The footsteps of morning hasten
Across yonder populous space,
And the dwellings of men are illumined
With the glory of God's own face.

Who can guess the power of His coming?
He will banish doubt and despair;
The life of His Spirit will kindle
And stir in the sleepers there.

Behold the Day Star ascending!
See the hour of His triumph begin!
The sunrise over the houses!
And the Christ-light shining in!

## After the Resurrection.

IT was the morning twilight gray, —
The dawn, but not the perfect day;
Jesus once more on earth was seen,
Mysterious beauty in his mien.

No earthly shelter held Him now;
He came, He went, none questioned how:
He walked among the sons of men,
Withdrawn at will from mortal ken.

He died, He rose: the Son of God,
A spirit-form, this earth-road trod.
To all the world beside unknown,
He showed himself unto His own.

He met them in their walks; He came
Where they were gathered in His name;
He breathed on them, and said, "I give
To you this new life that I live."

The thought of Him made waking sweet:
"Somewhere, ere dewfall, we may meet:"

A hope shone through the rising ray,—
"Beside us He may walk to-day;

"And our illumined eyes will see,
Through grateful tears, that it is He,
Though He but comes to disappear
While we are whispering, 'He is here.'"

Tender and dear those twilight days,—
A rainbow-gleam through cloudy haze,—
While dimly they began to see
Glory that should thereafter be.

He loved those chosen ones, His own;
Yet must they learn that not alone
For their small group He lived and died,
But for a world of souls beside.

Like children, they were taught to spell
His truth, until they knew it well:
When they could read His words aright,
He vanished from their mortal sight.

Vanished from sight — they know Him now,—
Him to whom every knee must bow.
The ray is blended with the sun:
Behold Him! Christ and God are one!

## The New Song.

O SING, thou happy heart!
Thy world is all in bloom.
Sing, through the grateful tears that start
At Jesus' opening tomb!

Sing! even in grief be glad!
Breaks the new day within!
Thy path in living green is clad;
Thou leavest behind thy sin.

Sing! nor look backward, down
Thy dark, deserted Past!
Before thee gleams thy promised crown;
Thou shalt reach home at last.

Sing, spirit, from the height
Where Love thy wing hath borne:
Sing to the darkness of the light!
Sing to the night of morn!

Oh, sing, thou ransomed one,
Sing of thy sins forgiven!
Sing to the slumberers of the Sun!
Sing to the lost of Heaven!

## "The Lord is Risen Indeed."

IF in this world-time there has been
One who at death's door entered in,
And, passing that dread mystery through,
Came out again to human view, —
His very self, no dream, no ghost
Of that for which we loved him most;
One whom with heart and soul we knew,
One unto whom our whole life drew
For vigor and uplift, — why, then
We too may be immortal men!

And if at last, absorbed in light,
His form receded from our sight
To grow within our souls more fair,
A spiritual Presence there,
Whereby we knew ourselves allied
To Life upon its unseen side, —
Then would a new, undying ray
Illumine every common day;
Earth would repeat our heart's glad song,
"Unto our friend we still belong."

And if the meaning of some word
He spoke to us, came back and stirred

High thoughts we knew not it contained
While he in mortal shape remained;
Kindling within us such a fire
Of aspiration and desire
For love and truth and righteousness
As breath would fail us to express;
Surer than aught our eyes could see,
The blessed certainty would be,
Knitting more closely heart to heart, —
"Death has in him we loved no part;
No other voice could stir us thus;
He lives, and still he speaks to us!"

One such there has been: Peter, John,
His lowly friends, both gazed upon
The radiance of His face, arisen
Forever from the grave's cold prison.
They talked with Him, the very same
Who died upon that cross of shame
Beneath which now we rest, — the Tree
Of Life and Immortality.

They knew their Master when He passed
Out of their mortal sight at last:
His star that paled, re-born a sun,
Was morning in them, heaven begun!
They bore the message of His life
Into the world's unrest and strife,

And now humanity's calm sea
Mirrors His image. "It is He
In whom we live, no more to die!"
Soul unto soul makes glad reply.
And never now shall death divide
Friends from the friends in Him allied;
Love has immortal words to read
To love, — "The Lord is risen indeed."

## "Because I Live, Ye Shall Live Also."

SAY not of thy friend departed,
"He is dead:" he is but grown
Larger-souled and deeper-hearted,
Blossoming into skies unknown.
All the air of earth is sweeter
For his being's full release;
And thine own life is completer
For his conquest and his peace.

Roll the stone from sorrow's prison,
White-robed angel, holy Faith,
Till with Christ we have arisen,
And believe the word He saith!
Heaven is life to Life brought nearer:
Love withdraws, more love to give:
"Hearts to hearts in Me are dearer;
Lo! I live, and ye shall live!"

## The Lamb That Was Slain.

I HAD a haunting thought at Easter-tide,
Musing between the twilight and the dawn,
Of our dear Lord and Friend, who, having died,
Came to His chosen where they were withdrawn:

Came, while they talked of His mysterious death,
And doubted if He had arisen indeed;
Breathed on them with His loving, living breath,
Their Master, from the grave's inthrallment freed.

"Reach hither, Thomas! see and touch my wounds.
Behold! believe that it is I," He said.
Down unto us the wondrous word resounds;
The death-marks on Him, yet He was not dead.

They were the sure proofs that He was alive:
The doubter's finger traced His dreadful scars:
Bears He not still those fatal tokens five
Within the unseen heavens beyond the stars?

The heart, the hands, the feet, have bled for us;
More than our common curse of death He knew:
Into His spotless nature glorious
The eternal sorrow of our sins He drew.

This is the wonder John in Patmos saw, —
The vision of a Lamb that had been slain:
Sacred to us forever is God's Law,
Writ in the awful print-marks of His pain!

Still is He touched with our infirmity;
Yearning to win us from our shame and wrong,
Still must His wounds throb, when we go astray
From His dear Father's House, where we belong.

The memory of the path for us He trod
No splendor of the heaven of heavens can dim:
By His deep human love, the Son of God
Must always draw our human hearts to Him.

## Closer to Christ.

DRAW Thou my soul, O Christ,
Closer to Thine!
Breathe into every wish
Thy will divine!
Raised my low self above,
Won by Thy deathless love,
Ever, O Christ, through mine
Let Thy life shine!

Lead forth my soul, O Christ,
One with Thine own;
Joyful to follow Thee
Through paths unknown!
In Thee my strength renew;
Give me Thy work to do;
Through me Thy truth be shown,
Thy love made known!

Not for myself alone
May my prayer be:—
Lift Thou Thy world, O Christ,
Closer to Thee!

Cleanse it from guilt and wrong;
Teach it salvation's song!
Make it alive in Thee, —
  Perfect in Thee!

Nearer to Thee, O Christ,
  Nearer to Thee!
Till we in Thy dear face
  God's glory see!
Heavenward our hopes ascend,
Saviour and Lord and Friend!
Oh, draw us all to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

## A Glimpse of His Face.

I HAVE seen what it may be to live:
O God, can it be
That Thou, in Thy fullness, wilt give
Thyself unto me?

Even here, in my every-day round,
Thy Face may I meet?
May the sod I am treading be found
A path for Thy feet?

If this be not so, then in vain
Am I living at all:
But Thy beckoning summons is plain,
Thy awakening call.

—Soul, rouse thee, and lift up thine eyes,
For the sun is arisen!
Yet the seed in the frozen earth lies
Like a spirit in prison.

God sends thee to visit, through shade,
Hidden germs of His love;

To shine with His warmth wast thou made,
As He shineth above.

Yea, thou, if escaped from earth's night,
Art alive from thy root
With His freshness; a plant of His light;
A stem for His fruit.

O great, humbling vision, to see
In our weakness His power!
A gleam of His radiance to be!
His planting, His flower!

To grow with these fair growths of His,
The cultured, the wild;
To breathe out the breath of His bliss
From His bosom, — His child!

O vision of God, stir within
Unto heavenly birth!
Shine, Christ, through the midnight of sin,
On our souls and the earth!

## Pentecost.

WAITING all with one accord
For the promise of the Lord,
Suddenly among them came
Rushing wind and cloven flame.

Not for them that gift alone, —
Miracle of tongues unknown:
Alien regions they must seek;
There in heaven's lost language speak.

Not for them alone that glow,
Inly kindled: they must go
Unto nations sunk in night
With the risen Saviour's light.

His the fire and His the Word
That within them burned and stirred:
East and west, and south and north,
They must show His glory forth.

Grateful Earth has never lost
Radiance of her Pentecost:

Traced in spiritual flame
Reads she now her Saviour's name.

Yet hath many a desert dark
Never felt the awakening spark:
Friend, Inspirer, may not we
Thither Thy light-bearers be?

Gather us with one accord
Closer to each other, Lord,
In Thy presence; then anew
Send us forth, Thy work to do!

Thou alone hast light to give;
In Thy light alone we live.
Shine through all our lives, till we
Make earth's darkness bright with Thee!

## The Blessed Company.

GOD never meant us to be separated
From one another, in our work and thought;
Spirits that share His Spirit He has mated,
That so His loving purpose may be wrought,
His gracious will be done
In earth and heaven, as one:
O blessed company of all the true,—
His holy Church,—may I belong to you?

Ye are His people; but around you slumber
The hosts of God your summons must arouse
To join the multitude no man can number;
Even in their dreams they whisper now the vows
Their happy lips will take
When they to Him awake.
Ye, through whom every day His breath anew
Creates His worlds, I would belong to you!

Thou, Father, hast made every man a brother
To every other man, and in thy Son
Renewest the bond: if we despise each other,
We scorn Thee, in whose eyes all souls are one.
Ye heirs disguised, look up!
Drink from the royal cup!
Your grimy robes His form is outlined through:
It is His flesh and blood I share with you.

His Church, — it is the home of every spirit
That looked and longed for Him before He came;
That hears God's voice now, or shall ever hear it,
Through the dire discord of earth's outcast shame.
He knoweth who are His:
His seal upon them is.
O scattered, wandering flock! O loyal few!
One Shepherd claims us! I belong to you!

In His clear sight what can it matter whether
We wear this badge or that, or none at all,
If we but cleave to Him, and fight together
Against His foes, wherever He may call?
If He this weak heart win
From shameful truce with sin,
If He will make me brave and keep me true, —
Then, O ye faithful, I am one of you!

What can the servant do without his Master?
And what, without the Bridegroom, were the Bride?
Behold, He cometh! Onward, comrades, faster,
Out of the wilderness unto His side!
Ah, Bride! the desert glows
Around thee like the rose!
Thy welcoming glance His smile is shining through;
Oh, take me in, to live my life with you!

## His Church.

WITNESS to His eternal pity
For the world's wanderers it stands,
The House of God, the Holy City,
Builded of light, not made with hands.

Without are loneliness and danger;
Within are warmth, and food, and songs:
Here is no alien and no stranger;
Here every soul of man belongs.

No saved child calls to his lost brother,
"See! I am holier than thou!"
In Christ they recognize each other;
His name is written on every brow.

And in His name all outcasts enter,
And claim their birthright through His love:
His Church is the great human centre
Towards which earth's generations move.

They come, to share His consecration;
To drink His cup of sacrifice;

To be fresh wells of His salvation,
That in life's desert shall arise.

One home, — the hearthstone of the Father;
One table, spread by His dear Son;
One Spirit drawing us together;
God's family in Him made one!

Christ tells the world her own true story;
Her failing cup fills to its brim
With love, and blessedness, and glory;
We find each other, finding Him.

His Church is heaven and earth in union;
The lift of wings, the clasp of hands!
God offering man divine communion! —
The door forever open stands.

## "In Remembrance of Me."

WHO could refuse
The last wish of a friend?
Loving unto the end,
Fain would His love transfuse
Itself into the lives He left behind,
That in their souls Him they might always find.

"Remember Me!"
It was Christ's last request,
Unto His own addressed.
And all souls claimeth He;
Only by Him our human hearts are fed
With spiritual wine and living bread.

By One so dear
Invited, who would stay
In loneliness away?
O friends, let us draw near!
For in us now His image grows too dim:
Let us forget ourselves, remembering Him!

# Hymns of a Day.

## DAWN.

O GOD, Thy world is sweet with prayer;
The breath of Christ is in the air;
We rise on Thy free Spirit's wings,
And every thought within us sings.

Thou art our Morning and our Sun;
Our work is glad, in Thee begun;
Our footworn path is fresh with dew,
For Thou createst all things new.

O God, within us and above,
Close to us in the Christ we love,
Through Him, our only Guide and Way,
May heavenly life be ours to-day!

---

Like this clear sunshine, let Thy love
Shine down on me to-day!
Shelter my soul, thou brooding Dove,
Like these warm skies, I pray!

There is no brightness on the earth,
No glory in the sky,
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,
Except when Thou art nigh.

Then, Lord, all day be near my soul,
And look me through and through,
Till every wish owns Thy control,
And every thought is true!

Thou art in all that Thou hast made:
Oh, let me see Thee there!
Dear Lord, be Thou my sun, my shade, —
My Saviour everywhere!

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## NOONTIDE.

When the weary noonday heat
Scorches hillside, lane, and street,
May my life a breeze and shade
For Thy wayfarers be made!

Of Thy river, full and free,
Send a cooling draught by me,
That Thy thirsty ones may bless
Thine abounding tenderness.

Let me bear Thy love's perfume
Into haunts of guilt and gloom,
Winning so the sin-sick one
Forth to Thee, the Light, the Sun!

Let Thy joy and beauty grow
In my path for them, that so
We may see that Thou hast given
Earth to be our road to heaven.

Let me wash Thy wanderers' feet,
Take them in, and bid them eat!
While they share my daily bread,
May our souls by Thee be fed!

Make my heart a home and rest
For Thine outcast and oppressed!
Let us find, of Thy sweet grace,
In Thyself our dwelling-place!

Shut for one calm hour away
From the clamor of the day,
All our work will happier be
For this noontide rest with Thee!

## NIGHTFALL.

Softly has the night descended;
Now in darkness day is ended:
Starry watchers without number
Guard the wide world wrapped in slumber.

Sleep, O weary ones and lowly!
Jesus send you visions holy
Out of unveiled heavenly places,
Luminous with angel-faces!

Jesus slept within death's portal;
Opened it to life immortal;
Lighted up our human story
With the promise of His glory.

Pilgrim, sleep! forget thy sorrow!
Sleep, in sure hope of to-morrow:
Rise, then, to divine endeavor!
Rise, to share His life forever!

## The Word.

HOW satisfying is a perfect word!
How great, to know the truth, and utter it
So that it shall eternally be heard,
And worlds together in its chords be knit!

Who speaks for beauty, Beauty's self must be,
And not her language with vain lips repeat,—
Mere tinkling cymbals, hollow melody
Wearying the air with mockery most unsweet!

Out of this half-articulate earthly speech,
This broken jargon from each other caught,
This jangled medley of our songs, we reach
Toward some divine expression of our thought.

Somewhere above the selfish jar and fret,
The deathly silence, deathlier noise of sin,
Mercy and truth and righteousness have met,
And souls to that vast concord enter in.

They know the Life itself, the visible Word,
The music of eternal overflow

From central ocean-streams of being, stirred
With the first rapture of creation's glow.

But men with falsehood blur what God speaks plain;
His message hourly mistranslated is.
Dear angels, heal us of our discord's pain!
Send us the keynote of your harmonies!

Sweeter than any sound by angels heard,
Whispered or sung among their deathless flowers,
CHRIST is the beautiful, eternal Word,
Breathed from God's heart into this world of ours.

That Word Jehovah spake, that men might see
The meaning of their being, hid in Him;
Each human birth a possibility,
That well might wake the silent seraphim.

Yet loftiest seraph-lyres can but rehearse
Suggestions faint of His unfolding plan,
Whose perfect Word unto His universe
Is, and forever must be, God in man!

## The Heavenward Call.

WHAT shall I do, my Lord, my God,
To make my life worth more to Thee?
Within my heart, through earth abroad,
Deep voices stir and summon me.

Through strange confusions of the time
I hear Thy beckoning call resound:
There is a pathway more sublime
Than yet my laggard feet have found.

My coward heart, my flagging feet,
They hold me in bewildering gloom:
Come Thou my stumbling steps to meet,
And lift me unto larger room!

The dearest voice may lead astray:
Speak Thou! Thy word my guide shall be,
Oh, not from life and men away,
But through them, with them, up to Thee.

It is not much these hands can do:
Keep Thou my spirit close to Thine,

Till every thought Thy love throbs through,
And all my words breathe truth divine!

With souls that seek Thy pure abode,
Let my unfaltering soul aspire!
Make me a radiance on the road;
A bearer of Thy sacred fire!

## "With You Alway."

WANDERING in wildernesses lonely,
By wide, blank waters of despair,
Or locked in on your dark heart only, —
Look for His Presence! He is there!
His smile is hid, serene and tender,
Behind the stifling mists of doubt;
Your dullness cannot dim His splendor,
Nor can your blindness shut Him out.

Gathering with multitudes around Him, —
Their Master, though they know Him not, —
Find Him where men have always found Him,
Within their wisest, simplest thought!
Clothed humbly with familiar graces,
Beside you in your path He moves:
His Face looks forth from human faces;
His love is breathed through human loves.

With you, and waiting recognition
In suffering brethren, dumb with needs;
With you, the source of pure ambition,
The spring and flow of generous deeds;

With you, to lift your weak endeavor
Unto His service, large and free;
With you, and you with Him forever!—
For where He is, His friends shall be.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

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